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Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

THE "DISAPPEARING ROYALTY" TRICK.

WHERE IS PRINCESS VICTORIA?

The King's Sister Escapes the "Fierce Light" that Beats upon Royalty, and as "Miss Johnson," Enjoys a Rustication in the Shires.

Most people suppose that Royalty lives in a blaze of publicity, which sheds a lurid glare upon their comings and goings, so that every moment of their lives is passed in the limelight. Generally this is so, of course. But even Royalty knows that "There are moments when one wants to be alone!" For instance, how many people know where they could find Princess Victoria just now! Outside Marlborough House—none! The Princess arrived from Copenhagen a few days ago, leaving her mother with the Russian Dowager Empress, still at Hvidoere; went to Marlborough House; dined; drove to one of the great railway termini, and disappeared! Her whereabouts at the moment of writing—but no, there is no occasion for Her Royal Highness's anonymity to be disturbed. Her trip into the heart of England is a very innocent one, but one with a pretty story behind it. We itch to tell it—it would serve to make the Maiden Princess the more beloved, but she desires her secret preserved, until she herself intimates her willingness for publicity. So we desist. The day may come when a hitherto unsuspected romance may be unfolded, but that day is not yet. We can only add that the moment when the Princess intends to return to the "glare" will be about the hour these lines are being printed.

* * *

The Danger of Royal Incognitos.

All the members of the Royal house have loved their periods of incognito. But Princess Victoria is now almost the only member of the First Family who can indulge in the delights of "disappearing!" All the other adult Royalties are so "grown up" and so well-known that any attempts at incognito invariably lead them into positions which may not be dignified should discovery follow. Prince Henry's sons, the Battenbergs, still occasionally go motoring incog., stopping at country hotels and chaffing the barmaids, without creating the least commotion, or leaving thoughts of "what might have been!" There's a pretty little fluffy-headed girl in the bar of an hotel at Maidenhead, and though she does not know it, it is a Royal prince whose photograph she snapped when he wasn't looking, and which reposes beneath her pillow o' nights!

* * *

You Can't Tell Prince Alexander Anything!

Alexander of Battenberg is a fascinating sort of a chap, but his physiognomy is not yet familiar to the people. Never, perhaps, will he be as good-looking as his father and mother—but then, those handsome couples never *do* have pretty children! But Princess Henry's son is a man who impresses women—especially flappers, when they are taking him for a theatrical manager or a sporting baronet—with his wonderful knowledge of Europe—Spain especia and his general air of "You can't tell *me* anything," the same, Prince Alexander is a good sort of a chap likes a lark, but is quite incapable of deceit. He a heaps of curiosity amongst the girls as a man who in unusual circles, but he never takes an unfair adva of his fascination.

* * *

Queen Alexandra's Numerous Incognitos.

It is a great many years since King George could incog., and he probably has never been able to enjoy a period of anonymity as did his father and mother they roamed about the bazaars of Constantinople as and Mrs. Williams." Later on Queen Alexandra tra as "Lady Bolton"—at any rate, when she was in Ve and, like so many of the playwrights, her Majesty that there might be somebody else of that title, and never used it since. Very few people were aware tha young lady who was heard complaining somewhat emph ally that a certain picture in the Uffizi Gallery was the place assigned to it by the guide books was our Pri Victoria! In days of yore her sister, now Queen Ma Norway, always called herself "Miss Mills" when she about like a simple country maiden desiring attention none! A Royal incognito which has been used by two l ladies of the Royal house is "Lady Sundridge." Both Q Alexandra and the Duchess of Argyll have used this and it is as Lady Sundridge that the King's aunt is known at Buxton. Queen Amelie, King Manoel's mo travels as "Marquesa de Villa Vicosa"; her son goes occasionally as "Count de Barcellos"; and the Quee Spain (Ena of Battenberg) calls herself "Countess of To when she desires to forget that she is the wife of a Mona

* * *

When the King Arrives in Norfolk.

When the King and Queen arrive in Norfolk after wedding of Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife Majesties will begin a round of shooting visits to their in East Anglia. Among them will be Cora Countess Strafford, at Houghton Hall. As we have already pointed out, King George is nothing like so "exclusive" by temp ment as his predecessors, and it is but a few weeks since he and the Queen dined an American citizen and his wife on board the Royal yacht at Cowes. Nor will this His Majesty's first visit to Cora Lady Strafford, who was, course, the well-known Widow Colegate, of New York, who she married the late unlucky Earl of Strafford, who was killed by a railway engine at Hatfield some years ago, and had been an old friend of Queen Alexandra's, and had been her Equerry for many years. The present Earl of Strafford is a parson, who has also basked in the sunlight of Royalty as Chaplain in Ordinary to Queen Victoria, before which he was Vicar of St. Peter's, Kennington, and of Holy Trinity, Twickenham. Cora Lady Strafford married Mr. Kelly soon after the death of her second husband, Lord Suffield. She has been one of the most prominent people in Society a decade or so, but her American daughter has not yet "come off," in spite of much taking out.

* * *

The King's Favourite Son.

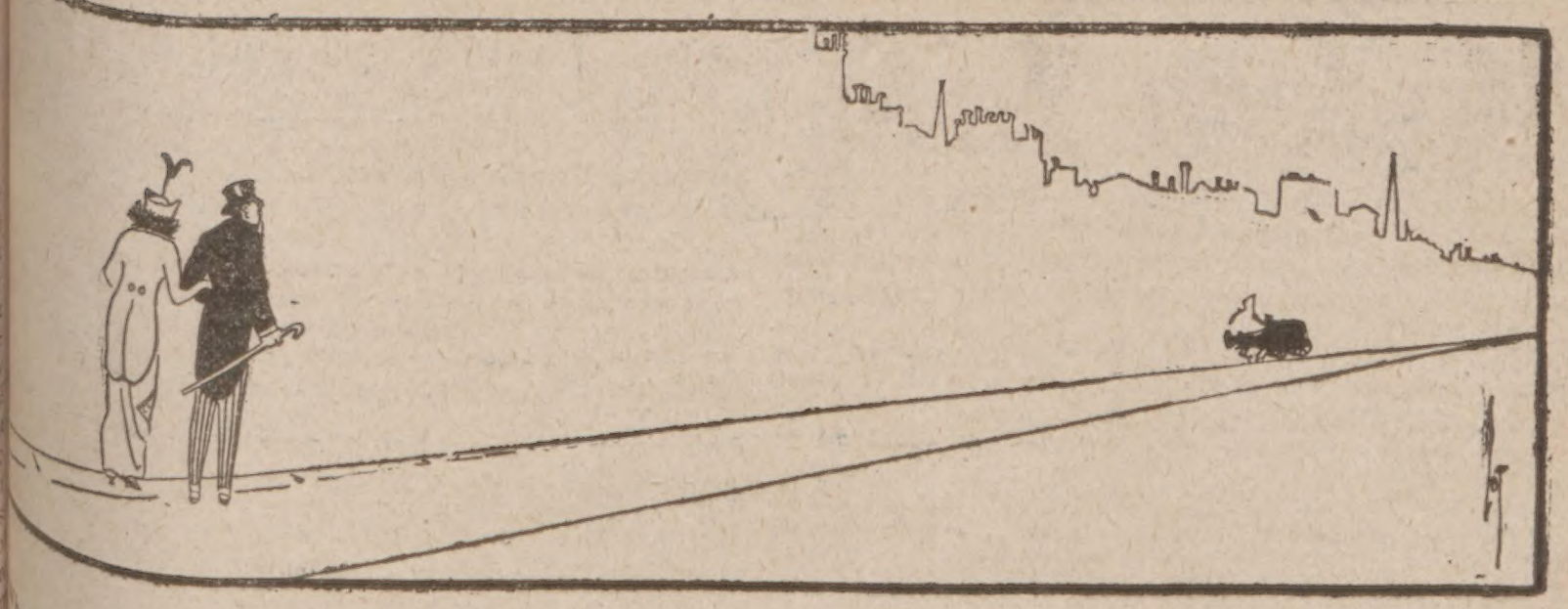
Amongst the chief of His Majesty's special friends in Norfolk is Lord Farquhar at historic Castle Rising, where the King is sure to have good sport. Then there is Sir Edward Green, at Ken Hill, King's Lynn, to which estate a stream of wealth literally rolls in from the iron districts of the West Riding, in order to assure good bags for His Majesty. Then there will be a shoot with Earl Cadogan, at Culford Hall, and more fine bags may be relied upon.

The sport in Scotland has been nothing out of the way this autumn. Prince Albert grassed is first stag before leaving Balmoral to join the *Collingwood*. His elder brother the Prince of Wales, of course did so last year, and to-day has a good row of antlers as witness of a tolerably successful Prince Albert, who is most like his father, seems like to be a curious historical repetition, for as a second son King George went to sea in his teens, and was always the more popular of the two elder sons of Edward VII. The Prince of Wales is curiously like the unfortunate Duke of Clarence in the gentleness of his temperament, while he bears no resemblance to either of his parents. All the other children of the King and Queen are peculiarly like their father and mother in features.

* * *

"Duchesses are Nobodies!"

It used to be a familiar saying that "Duchesses are nobodies." It is as true to-day as ever. Most of our duchesses were inconspicuous "misses" before they had the good fortune to catch the imagination of our most



LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

...en you are flush of cash and in a hurry an old broken-down growler is the only conveyance in the otherwise deserted road—not a taxi within sight.

...nd the future generation of duchesses seem like to be ...o look back upon early days as inauspicious as their ...sors. During the past few days two prospective ...es have been wedded under peculiarly unexciting con... Mr. Aubrey Beauclerck, who has a good chance of ... Duke of St. Albans some day, got married at St. ... Chelsea, and nobody troubled anything about it. His ... was Miss Hughes, a daughter of the late Sir Frederic ...

* * *

...known English Duke.

...wedding was followed by a small lunch at a South ...ton hotel, but the St. Albans family were con... by their absence. The Duke of St. Albans is, of ... never seen nowadays, though he is still a young man. ... never marry, and his brother and heir-presumptive, ...borne Beauclerck, is also unyoked. The bridegroom ...ke's is their cousin, and he or his children will in ...hood one day succeed to the strawberry leaves which ...t borne by the brat that Nell Gwynn threatened to ...out of the window unless King Charles II. (its father) ... a Duke.

* * *

...familiar Title.

...Ipswich's marriage to Miss Brougham was also a very ... affair. The Duke of Grafton, although over ninety, ...ood health, but he did not turn up, and only about ... of Lord Ipswich's relations were present at his ... at All Saints, St. Margaret's. The title borne by the ...om is an unfamiliar one to the present generation, ...as not been heard in these islands for several decades. ... came into its present use owing to the death of the old ... eldest son a year or two ago. He had borne the ... title of the heir as "Earl of Euston" for the best ... his life, and he was sixty-five years old at his death. ... no sons and his parson brother then became heir ...Dukedom of Grafton, and it is his son for whom the ...Viscount Ipswich has been revived.

Who Sent the Grapes?

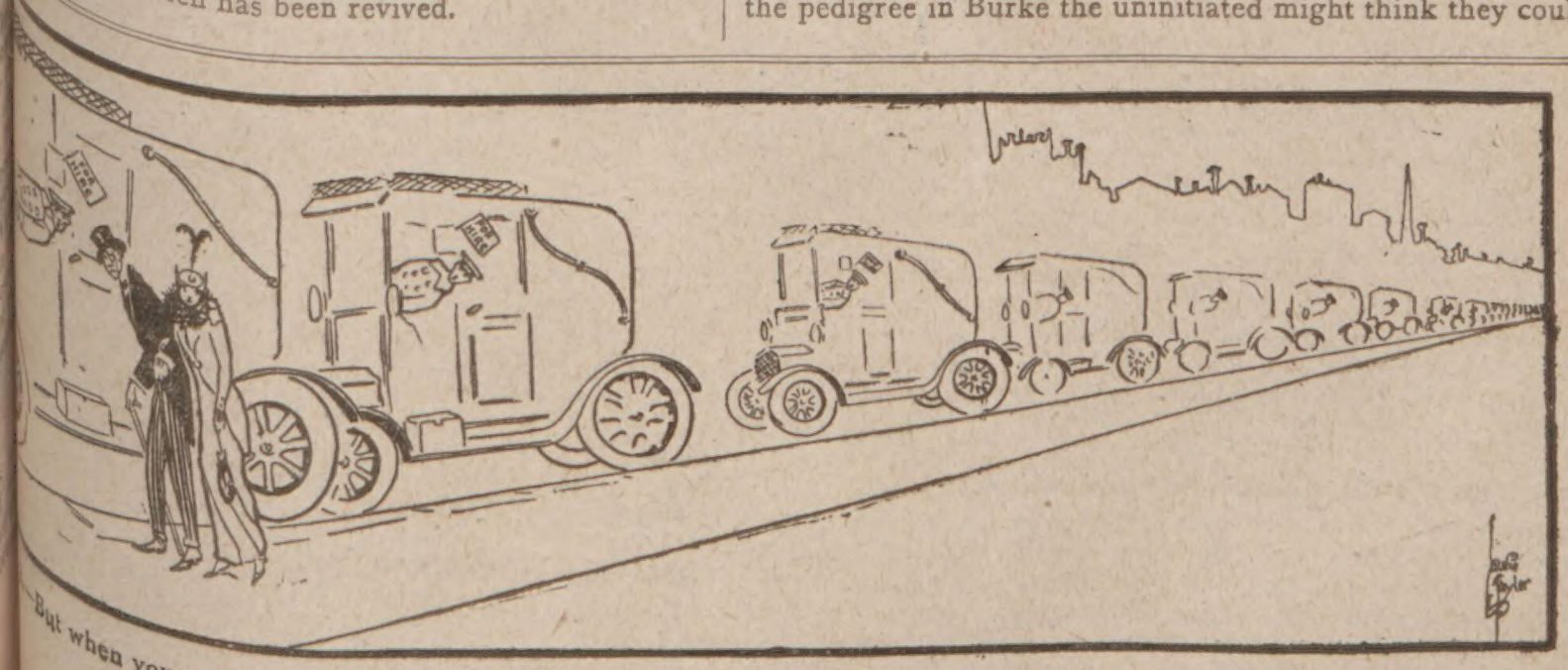
The poor old Duke has had a world of trouble with his family, most of whom are now beneath the turf. His Grace has been a widower for over fifty years, but he has never been a misanthrope, and his annoyance at the person who sent the grapes to the Bethnal Green Infirmary as coming from the "Duchess of Grafton" the other day is very natural. We have our suspicions of the lady, but of course we can say nothing about her here. The Duke will doubtless take steps to see that the "Her Grace" doesn't perpetrate the "joke" again in a hurry.

* * *

A Beautiful Sham.

Knebworth, Lord Lytton's seat in Herts, which the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, has rented, is a very large and imposing house, and most interesting, particularly in view of the personality of its two last owners—the late earl, who was the poet "Owen Meredith," and Bulwer-Lytton, the famous novelist, father and grandfather of the present peer—but it is a mansion of shams. It is intended to give an impression of antiquity, but of the great Tudor structure built by Sir Robert de Lytton, Under-Treasurer to Henry VII., who bought the Knebworth estate, only one side remains, the rest being modern. There is one ancient bedroom—that in which Queen Elizabeth did actually sleep, but the so-called "old" rooms are fictitious, so too are many of the "ancient" contents of the stately saloons and handsome galleries. The noble Elizabethan banqueting hall contains some genuine panelled wainscoting by Inigo Jones, but there are sham old portraits, furniture, and heraldic monsters. Still the whole blends admirably, and somehow one would not wish to have it altered, for the mansion is very beautiful, with lovely gardens and grounds, and noble park and lake.

The Lyttons, it is often stated, are descended from Sir Robert de Lytton, but as a matter of fact they have not a drop of the old Lytton blood in their veins. Looking at the pedigree in Burke the uninitiated might think they could



...But when you are hard up and have decided to walk, dozens of the blessed things will dog your footsteps for miles.

claim as an ancestor this Tudor courtier, but in reality the lineage is merely an account of the descent of the Knebworth estate. Actually the patronymic of the Earl of Lytton is Wiggett. The last Lytton died two centuries ago, but the name was later assumed by the grandfather of the famous statesman-novelist.

* * *

Well Matched.

Lord and Lady Lytton are a talented couple. The former has inherited his father's and grandfather's taste for literature, which is shared by his beautiful and cultured wife, a member of an ancient English family (the Plowdens of Plowden, Shropshire, whose lovely old manor house is tucked away in a remote corner of that county) and one of the three unmarried girls who were admitted to that now defunct mutual admiration society of the "Souls", the very select membership of which included Mr. Balfour and the Duchess of Rutland. Both the Earl and Countess are ardent advocates of the votes for women cause. Good-looking, with courtly manners, a first-rate linguist, who has travelled a good deal, and a clever speaker with a perfectly modulated voice, Lord Lytton is, however, a bit of a crank, for he wears his hair long, or did until not long ago, and is (or was) a vegetarian and teetotaler.

Some men have to marry for money or get some other kind of a job.

* * *

When a young man tells a girl he is not worthy of her she usually marries him for the purpose of proving to his own satisfaction that he told the truth.

"BY PERMISSION OF MR. GEORGE EDWARDES."

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Banning Baneful Books.

We are getting rather tired of the lengthy controversy on the banning of books by the libraries. After all, it's their business, and surely they have the right to say what they will or will not sell or buy. The swarms of new novels which issue from the Press in a never-ending stream make some process of selection absolutely necessary, and why should Mr. Hall Caine or Mr. W. B. Maxwell be entitled to dictate to the libraries how they shall carry on their business? Anyhow, these authors have had their advertisement; their pockets as well as their heads have been swollen by the treatment they affect to resent, and we can let the matter go at that. Before dropping the subject, however, we should like to refer to a remarkable suggestion made in all seriousness by a writer in the *World*. His impression is that injury to the minds and morals of young England might be minimised if "each novel were by law prefaced by a photograph of the author with a few biographical details as to his experience, environment, and actual incidents of his life"—which is of course utter twaddle. The trouble with all these good people who would like to dictate what we should and should not read is that they invariably confuse ignorance with innocence. They would like an expurgated edition of the Bible and a Bowdlerised version of Shakespeare, and of course any modern writer who diverged from the safe bread-and-butter path would be disposed of in the lethal chamber. But we have yet to learn that a man's appearance or experience has necessarily anything to do with what he writes. We always thought that imagination had something to do with the flights of genius. Examples might be multiplied of great writers whose works have absolutely no relation either to their personal appearance or experience, and as for the minor authors, such as Mr. Hall Caine, we are sure that no human being who has ever been born could behave as do some of the characters in their books.

* *

Mrs. Pankhurst in the States.

Just as the fees demanded by Ray and Vardon provoked acrimonious comment from golf professionals in the States, because they were jealous of the great "drawing" power of these visitors, so the terms accorded to Mrs. Pankhurst for her performances in America are causing bitter criticism from indignant indigenous Suffragettes. Even the ostensible reason is the same in the two instances—the detrimental effect on the cause (or game) in the country, which may result from the payment of huge fees. The Suffragettes can very well be trusted to wrangle the matter out for themselves, but we can only express our mild amazement that Mrs. Pankhurst should receive a guarantee of "£300 and 10 per cent. of the receipts up to £2,000, and 60 per cent. of the receipts above that figure." There is a somewhat doubtful ring about the 60 per cent. figure, as if there were no expectations of it being reached, but even leaving that contingency apart it seems a terrible lot of money to pay for the job. We could understand our Home Secretary offering Mrs. Pankhurst such terms to go away from the country, but the American plan is simply buying trouble. All these arrangements are, of course, contingent upon Mrs. Pankhurst not being rejected as an undesirable alien, and we trust the British Government are seriously considering whether such rejection, if it eventuates, could not be construed as an "unfriendly act." Anyhow we fervently hope that the high estimate placed upon Mrs. Pankhurst in the States will induce the lady to become an American citizen, like the Rev. C. F. Aked and other cranks. We could very well spare her, and America's gain would be our gain also.

* *

To Banish Melancholy.

The *Daily Mirror* has been conducting an investigation upon the best methods to be adopted to vanquish despondency—to cure "the hump"—but we do not know that the newspaper has managed to cast any fresh light upon the

Mistress (engaging servant): "Have you weak eyes?"
"Oh no, mum. But I scours pots and things so well, the glitter of 'em hurts my eyes!"

psychological problem, which is a pity. This silly season stunt was provoked by the case of whose favourite method of shaking off worry and to take long railway journeys without paying her practice which must undoubtedly be exciting. We that most of the methods employed by *Mirror*ites to the hump involve passing it on to somebody else. tist," for example, cures his depression by driving r-far, leaving the depression on the bodies of the he encounters on his way. "A married woman" pple dumplings to relieve *her* gloomy feeling, passing it on to the poor people who have to eat An ardent politician" goes to an open-air political and heckles the speaker into a bad temper. "A n-year-old girl" worries her father into taking her eatre, and thereby causes a depression in his purse. any real antidote for the fit of the blues which affects Periodically we must confess that the *Mirror* does us. We must each look out for our own method as ays have done.

* * *

Eugenic Baby.

Daily Mirror has failed in its search for a dejection have to admit that the journal's great rival, the *Daily* has certainly added to the gaiety of nations of late many photographs—and the accompanying footnotes eugenic baby, and its father, its mother, its cousins, aunts, to say nothing of the professors of humour mulated the infant's humorous propensities while et a babe unborn. Of course we give the *Daily* the credit for this marvellous discovery of a genius yo, though other newspapers have hastened to get in the pie. But what we cannot understand is why has not been discovered until it was six months certainly cannot be because of the parents' distaste for surely two quite commonplace people, licity, the customary idiotic pamperings of a first ing in never had such a gratuitous booming from the Press.

So far as we can see, from reading voluminous accounts of the doings of these Hampstead parents, nothing whatever was done or left undone which thousands of parents in a similar position might not have achieved, and do regularly achieve. Of course we believe that the whole life of the married pair, from the wedding day onward, was lived with the one great object in view—the future of the baby. They say so—so it must be true. But never shall we be persuaded that, as the *Daily Express* states, "both Mr. and Mrs. Bolce have a keen sense of humour." They couldn't have christened the helpless infant Eugenette if they had. They may be the cause of laughter in others, but that is another story. We are afraid that their efforts to do "everything that might help the unborn babe to assimilate this valuable attribute" (humour) will recoil upon their own heads. When the girl grows up—unless, as seems likely, she becomes an insufferable prig—the first people she will laugh at will be her own father and mother, and small blame to her!

* * *

Marie Lloyd as an "Undesirable Alien."

We suppose we ought to say something about Miss Marie Lloyd's experiences with the immigration officials across the herring-pond, but really everything appears to have been said on the subject that possibly could be said. Of course the whole of the facts are not yet known here at the time of writing, but it may be that there was some special reason for the action. Still, whatever further light may be thrown on the matter, it does not appear that there can possibly be any valid reason for the exclusion of an artist who was going out to fulfil a definite contract extending over a stated time, and perhaps the crowning touch of absurdity is that Miss Lloyd should have been called upon to enter into a bond that she will return to England by March 1st, 1914. Surely wild horses could not compel her to remain on American soil one moment longer than necessary. We wonder if the *real* cause of this curious exhibition of official ineptitude and intolerance will ever come to light. There are always wheels within wheels in the proceedings of Tammany-ridden New

York—probably the most corrupt city the world has ever known—and as Marie Lloyd herself might say, Every little movement has a meaning of its own. Probably somebody in the background "worked the oracle" for reasons of his own.

* * *

Another Suffragette "Martyr."

The death in Bedford gaol of Albert Davis, who was serving a sentence of fifteen months' hard labour for theft, and persistently refused food, should, we presume, add one more name to the list of suffragette "martyrs," and we trust that Mrs. Pankhurst is proud of the disciple who carried his faith in the efficacy of the hunger-strike to such an extreme point. Davis has, at any rate, clearly proved that there is one law for the ordinary law-breaker and another for the Suffragette, and doubtless this will be regarded as a great score for the militants. Indeed the episode is undoubtedly a confession by "the authorities" that a militant is entitled to less rigorous treatment than the ordinary offender—if that is anything to be proud of, minimising as it does the degree of "martyrdom" which is to be attained by devotion to the cause. We hope, however, that the Home Secretary will take careful note of the fact that there has been no public outcry because a prisoner has been allowed to starve himself to death. All the sophistry in the world will not convince the man in the street that a hunger-striker who dies is not entirely responsible for his, or her, departure from this world. Mr. McKenna may be assured of that.

* * *

Tipping the Railway Porter.

What may be the germ of a movement fraught with great importance to the railway companies has originated in Leicester, whose commercial travellers have firmly resolved to cease tipping railway porters, as a protest against the increased luggage rates which are now coming into force. We are not going to enter into a dissertation upon the evils of tipping, a practice which will probably never be eradicated. Besides, we do not really disapprove of the tip—for value received. The trouble is that one so often tips for nothing at all, except that the tip is expected. With railway porters, however, there is no doubt that the practice of tipping is very largely responsible for the shockingly inquate wages which so many of them receive. The companies pay meagre wages because they know the receive tips. Passengers give the tips because they the men otherwise would not be able to live, and so it on in a vicious circle. If the great body of railway could only be persuaded to follow the example of Leicester "drummers" it is quite certain that the whole tion would quickly be regularised. The railway would *have* to pay a living wage to their employees, the end the men would be the gainers. It would be cruel to be kind. As it is the railway companies the complaisance of the public—it is always the public pays—who pay twice over for service which they have by the mere act of purchasing a ticket.

* * *

A Government's Solution of White Slave Problem

We have just had a remarkable illustration of the powers of the Government of India. Without waiting any more hullabaloo about Maud Allan, they have intimated to her that she is "prohibited." Imagine the British Government issuing prohibition of a dancer! But in India things are different. Most people do not realise that the Viceroy is much more a King than is George Rex. The Viceroy, through his Ministers, can do things that King George would not dare to do. The Indian Government is a despot under which there is no sort or pretence to freedom. Even the German Emperor would envy the Viceroy some of his powers. But the autocracy of the Indian Government has many things to recommend it. And Maud Allan's case is a reminder of one of the best. No Englishwoman is allowed to pursue the oldest of woman's vocations within the limits of India. Consequently, India has become the happy hunting ground of the ladies from Vienna and other South Continental cities.

American women may descend to the worst, if you please, but no *Englishwoman*. Should she do so, she is forthwith taken aboard a ship bound for one of the South African ports and the anchor is weighed! She leaves the soil of India for ever! The Indian Government, which is composed of practical business men, has solved the White Slave problem that centuries before our Nonconformist Ministers have decided to catch Sunday congregations out of it. In India the whole of the White Slave traffic is carefully regulated by a paternal government solicitous for the well-being of the thousands of white men who are compelled to spend the best years of their lives as celibates, there being no white girls to wed, even when the spirit is willing.

Aristocratic Innkeepers.

The robbery of pictures valued at £1,300 from the Portpatrick Hotel, in Wigtonshire, is a reminder that the establishment belongs to Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing. Another aristocratic hotel owner is Lady Burton, who has a big hotel at Aviemore, in the Inverness-shire Highlands, where her husband, Mr. Baillie, of Douchfour, owns an estate. They are decorated and furnished with much taste and are more like comfortable country houses than places of public entertainment. Portpatrick is situated in a favoured corner of Scotland, so far as climate is concerned, for severe frosts are unknown, and although strong gales from the Atlantic sometimes sweep the dangerous and rocky coast the air is wonderfully mild and soft.

The hotel at Portpatrick, whence a line of steamers runs to Ireland, was built some years ago by the late Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing, a Scottish member of Parliament, who married as his second wife Lord and Lady Glasgow's eldest daughter, Lady Augusta Boyle. Close to Portpatrick is Dunskey, the estate which Mr. Orr-Ewing bought from Lady Augusta's uncle (that interesting personage, Sir David Hunter-Blair) and greatly improved, erecting thereon a splendid mansion. Dunskey Glen is one of the most romantic and lovely spots in Scotland, ferns and many varied shrubs growing there with almost tropical luxuriance.

FEMININE LOGIC.

Susie: Where are you going?
Zizie (smothered in furs, with toque full of aigrettes): "Oh! to a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyright. Those who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their peril.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

John Burns, the moneyed man of Battersea, agreed as umpire the other day in a cricket match at Ban- The teams arrived and time passed, but the super- did not turn up. Whereat there was very great dis- tment. Instead he sent a brace of Local Govern- Board officials. Here's a fine case of officialdom oad. The Government have, we are told, created of officials to administer their legislation. Now are being specially provided to act as umpires when hief—Honest John, the worker's friend—is enjoying f in France. Pity the poor taxpayer.

* * *

y Richardson, suffragette, charged with setting fire to use at Hampton declared that d her confederate reat difficulty in over the fence. he is in a tighter

* *

o was the young st who, during the uvres, helped him- the officer's hel- d drove up to Lon- it? And whom did all-porter at the ion mistake him

* *

t correct that an ionally interesting e case, involving ers of two very milies, will make ppearance in court ext year, and that ason for its pres- ponement is that the principal wit- for the defence New Zealand on ay last and cannot ck in England for at least five

* *

a well-known al is determined orce his wife no what the conse- may be to him- If all we hear is he lady is deserv- all she'll get.

* *

a fact that before wedding bells ringing for a certain young lady whose heart was be broken, and for the "break in whose life," ac- to Sir Edward Carson, such a huge compensation unteered. Dear! Dear! How quickly some hearts d themselves.

* * *

is the young heir to a lordly title who has just made with another man's wife? Where has he placed her, at is he paying his father's agent to "hold his peace"?

* * *

a certain gentleman of very high standing who has prominently no fewer than six times in the divorce in different rôles is about to enter the "holy state" ore. What confidence the women must place in ndoubtedly he has found the state of matrimony oly" judging from his ability to get out of it.

* * *

've got a champion indiscretionist down at Ilfra- You can bet your boots he's on the Urban District —without afterwards having to toddle round in your His name is Palmer, and he has a pretty ear for ns. Quoth Mr. Palmer at a Council meeting, "We shall have disease and epidemics and the greatest y authorities in the world cannot prevent it. *Dis-*

"Liza! I'm a man of few words!"
"Yes, Bill. And you uses 'em often."

ease and sickness are acts of God."—The italics are ours; the nonsense is Palmerian. Next time Mr. P. has a dose of corns the local chemists must not let him have any of the two-day treatment that will cure them. You see, the corns are an act of God, so if you cure them you will be doing the devil out of a job.

* * *

The Camberwell workhouse doctor, as a presumably educated individual, should realise that officials of the Bumble type will not be tolerated nowadays. To permit a pauper, not of robust constitution, with evidence of a weak spine, and insufficiently fed, to be put to the hard task of wood sawing is absolute cruelty, and the magisterial censure was thoroughly deserved.

* * *

How people have been letting their tongues wag over the Isle of Arran "Cabinet Meeting"! As if the Government ever held meetings! Why here is Mr. Illingworth, the host, saying that "it was a pity the weather wasn't much better, but the visit was nevertheless very enjoyable." They got some good fun out of the importance newspapers attached to the meeting, we learn. Quite right! Politics, of course, were never mentioned. Mr. Illingworth's far too good a host to introduce a subject concerning which his guests were so terribly divided. They just sat and talked about the weather and gout. The only unfortunate incident indeed was when the butler came in, said that he had swallowed his Insurance Stamp and asked for another. So well bred were the visitors that Lloyd George aimlessly queried "What are Insurance Stamps?" Again, heavy wraps were referred to as great coats, *not* as Ulsters.

* * *

Dr. Dunlop was feeling tyred at Anfield t'other day when messengers reached him (sounds like Cæsar, de Bello Gallico) to announce that a panel patient was expecting his ninepennorth. So he replied he would go when it suited him. This was rare but not refreshing for the patient, and another doctor was called. This gentleman's fee amounted to £2 6s., and now Dr. Dunlop has been ordered by the Liverpool County Court to fork out that sum. The thought of a doctor pay another doctor's fees has much that is of the exquisite in it. If only lawyers had to do the same!

* * *

In "Things We Want to Know" Mr. Moreton Mandeville's paper asks: "If the newspaper proprietors who have been so busy prying into the history of Lady De Freyne would care to have published a full account of their own early days." People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones!

* * *

That a certain man just recently returned from a compulsory rest at Portland was seen the other day making himself conspicuous, and putting on no end of side. Why don't such people keep quiet. They only make matters worse. We remember him when he was on the Stock Exchange swanking like a silly peacock, and that was why people said as much as they did at the time.

A YELLOW JADE.

Almost before he was aware of it young Lamkin was deep in the middle of a first-class flirtation with a third-class heathen.

In his little surreptitious ramble through the Chinese quarter of a certain seaport town he had first been attracted by the remarkable gestures of a yellow man standing in the centre of a group at the other side of the street. There were six people in this group, loitering before a gloomy store in which nothing particular seemed to be sold. Five were men, and the sixth was a woman, or girl, or child—young Lamkin could not exactly say which.

Any way, whatever her age, she was as pretty to young Lamkin's eyes as peaches are. She was small and round and plump, and her skin was smooth and yellowish-brown, with red splashes here and there; in fact, like the fruit, she appeared to be a good deal better than she really was.

The trick of finding out that a young man is looking at her is not confined to the English girl, and before young Lamkin had been looking at her for many moments the lady began to preen and perk. She accepted a cigarette which one of the group offered to her, throwing out a deprecatory glance at Lamkin as she did so, as though to ask forgiveness for the unwomanly custom. Then she pulled back her loose sleeves—there seemed to be five or six of them—showing a dimpled arm that was altogether feminine.

Coy looks followed, from the shelter of a big red silk handkerchief; roguish smiles darted across the street through a veil of a very queer-smelling tobacco smoke; and young Lamkin thrilled and blushed to the tips of his brand-new gloves. It was the first time he had ever done such a thing, and he was trembling with a delicious fever of joyful fright, when the gesticulating Chinaman in the group suddenly turned and saw what was going on. For a moment his hands hung suspended; then they dropped with a thwack on to his bony knees, and he muttered a few gutturals to his companions.

They looked sharply and stealthily up and down the street, and then, at some more gutturals from the tall Chinaman, sprang swiftly across and surrounded the young Englishman. Before he knew what had happened he found himself inside the store, sitting beside the little Chinese maiden—much closer than he had ever dared to imagine! The six Chinamen gathered so thickly about him that he was hidden behind them as by a wall—a little wall of China, in fact.

With child-like confidence and affection the girl put her right arm around his waist, and kept it there with a vigour quite surprising as she brought her left hand, holding the big red handkerchief, so closely up to young Lamkin's mouth that he could only speak in a muffled undertone.

Immediately in front of him towered the gesticulating Chinaman, and in his hand was a huge revolver.

"You wan' buy that lil gel?" he inquired, working the revolver around until its muzzle looked like a revolving disc in a hypnotic experiment.

"Good gwacious, no!" stammered Lamkin.

"Wha' for, then, you tly mashee, heh?"

Lamkin groaned.

"Lookee heah, you fellah," said the Chinaman, throwing open his mouth as if he was going to swallow his victim whole, "me Quong Ah Wok, baddest highbindeh Lillpool. Sixteen man-boy like you"—ticking them off on his fingers with the pistol barrel—"I kill already this week. Now kill you too, 'less you buy this lil gel, or give all money you got—quick!"

The terrible Ah Wok playfully poked the revolver in his victim's pockets, and Lamkin lost no time in handing over his cash, though the operation left him and his purse limp as rags.

"Now then," commanded Ah Wok, with a combined movement of the head, body, and arms, that made him look like a monstrous aeroplane in full flight; "now then, you fellah, you skippee, and lookee heah, you no say word to one, or I come—we all come—kill you in your lil bed!"

Young Lamkin wanted no further permission. The maiden's arm no longer encircled him, and he tottered out of the store and did not stop tottering till he reached his hotel. He was staying there with his maiden aunt, to whom he almost frightened her life away by his ghastliness. Only after lying down for an hour with a bottle of smelling-salts to his nose was he able to stand on his feet and again face the wicked world.

The next day was Sunday, and young Lamkin had sufficiently revived to accompany his aunt to a great mission service in the afternoon. It was at her request that he did so; he was always ready to oblige his aunt, for she had great possessions.

"We are going to have a treat," she whispered during one of the hymns. "Converted Chinese."

It took poor Lamkin all his time to keep from sneaking out of the pew at that. He did not seem to be half as charmed by the announcement as his aunt had expected him to be. His nervousness, indeed, quite surprised her.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" he said. "I hate Chinese."

Nor did he dare to look in the direction of the platform as the devout heathens filed in. Then he heard them singing some horribly travesty of a hymn with all the vigour and tunelessness of a blacksmith's bellows; and suddenly there rose above the other voices a resonant, creaky voice that made his heart sink into his feet. He glanced fearfully up. There was no mistaking that villainous face and those magnificent gestures; it was Quong Ah Wok, "baddest highbindeh in Lillpool!"

The singing ended, and Ah Wok stepped forward and began to tell the story of his conversion, of his having been brought out of the darkness and confusion of Confucianism into the perfect clearness of England. He told it with a volume of picturesque action which Lamkin knew only too well.

"An' now me cl-lean!" cried the convert, with a fountain-like movement of the chest upward and outward. "All sin cl-lean like snow; while you pool sinnels, black like Lillpool men's shoes—black, black, black! Come be cl-lean, come white; then all go to heaven, sing, sing fol evah—amen!"

To say that Lamkin was amazed is only faintly to express his condition. He was so stupefied that his aunt was leading him up to the pulpit platform to shake hands with the converted Chinese before he realised what was happening. He felt his hand seized in Ah Wok's bony paw, and shook mechanically. Then he heard a few quick low gutturals spoken, and there came a thin giggle from another of the converts.

He looked up, and there, sitting in sweet demureness, was the little Chinese maiden!

"This my niece, also one Clistian gel," said Ah Wok, with a fearful working of his mobile jaws and lowering of the eyelids. "You please shake hands wif lil Clistian gel."

Young Lamkin put out his hand, moist and trembling, and felt it gently tickled in the palm. He ventured a timid glance from the corner of his eyes, and met one as full of mischief as a monkey's. He thought of Oriental wiles, of his empty purse, of a monstrous handkerchief, and he sighed.

And the maiden smiled.

HENRY BANNERMAN

"Am I right for Leicester Square, Porter?"
"Not 'arf, Miss!"

OURSELVES AND THER PEOPLE.

eight Sundays in succession the ambitious young preached death and hell fire. For the same eight ys little Mabel had been taken to church by a pious- auntie. Finally, however, at dinner-time on the eighth , the father of the child made the enquiry: "Well, and what was the sermon about?" "Well, daddy," the seven-year-old, "the curate has been going to eight weeks, and I suppose it *can't* be long before there now!"

* * *

NOT TO HER TASTE.

Dealer: This is a beautiful scene from "Hamlet."
Newrich: I don't care for hamlets. Show me a good-ity.

* * *

all we go into the East End and take a look at the Unwashed?"
; let's go to the theatre and see the Great Undressed."

* * *

THE LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

tle girl was walking along the street with her mother, she saw a one-armed man. It was the first time in e that she had ever seen a man without an arm, and nted to know all about it. Her mother explained, in r to her questions, that the man had probably met n accident of some kind and that his arm would never gain. The little girl thought for a moment, and then "Well, if the Lord made us, it seems to me like He to keep us in repair."

* * *

FEMININE IRONY.

ha: I saw my a ffinity at the Zoo to-day.
ha's girl chum (sweetly): Yes? Which cage?

* * *

s: Where have you been, Brown?
wn: To the cemetery.
s: Anyone dead?
wn: Every one of them.

* * *

TOO LITERAL.

iana: Why don't you like him? He wrote a poem
el: Yes—and called it "Lines on Mabel's Face."

The Riding Master: "Look here, you lubber! You ought to apply for a transfer into the Flying Corps. It looks more in your line!"—*Journal Amusant.*

The little girl was expounding theological problems to her younger sister with the fine confidence of childhood. "We all came from heaven, baby, and we're all going back there some day." Perhaps she detected incredulity on the infant countenance, for she proceeded: "It's really true. Why, even daddy came from heaven once."—*Manchester Guardian.*

* * *

A GENTLE HINT.

"I was speaking with your father last night," said the young man.

"Oh, were you?" answered the sweet young thing, lowering her eyes. "What were you talking about?"

"About the likelihood of a war with Mexico. Your father said if there was a war he hoped it would be short."

"Oh, yes—I know papa is very much opposed to long engagements."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

Some years ago in a Western mining town a man was found dead in his hotel room, hanged to a bedpost by his suspenders. The jury of miners brought in the following verdict at the coroner's inquest: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."—*Ex.*

* * *

SARCASM.

"I don't think your father feels very kindly towards me," said Mr. Staylate.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."—*New York Globe.*

* * *

REMEMBERING SAGE COUNSEL.

Maude: She's such a quiet little person that I'm surprised to hear she's wearing a silhouette skirt.

Edna: Perhaps she believes in the old saying that little girls should be seen, but not heard.—*Springfield Union.*

* * *

SLOW TO REALIZE.

"My dear," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, "I saw in the papers to-day a decision of a Virginia court that the wife may, in some cases, be the head of the family."

"John Henry," replied Mrs. Bickers, "the courts are sometimes very slow in finding out things."—*Puck.*

THE NEW FARM HAND ARRIVES.
—*Sydney Bulletin.*

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

The name of the American "rag" which has just published a highly coloured account of a squabble supposed to have taken place between King George and the Princess Royal over the cost of the forthcoming Royal wedding, and where in the name of all that's wonderful this and similar papers obtain their information?

* * *

Why Winston Churchill's "Jodhpore" manœuvre breeches are still causing so much comment, and if they are not really the most practical and convenient of garments?

* * *

Whether the Hamburg man who received £500 for allowing himself to be run over by a motor-car was, after all, only being paid for a risk we all take?

* *

If Marie Corelli is aware that the chemist at Victoria is making a great display of a letter from her ordering two tubes of face cream?

* *

If "The Ever Open Door" at the Aldwych is still drawing big crowds through its portals?

* *

Who was responsible for the announcement that the Duchess of Devonshire is about to relinquish her position as Mistress of the Robes? And if the report is entirely unfounded or is merely intelligent anticipation?

* *

If Marie Lloyd has not received a first-class advertisement *gratis*, and if she has any reason whatever to "cry over spilt milk"?

* *

Whether the newspaper heading, "Famous Firm to Dissolve," implies that another concern has got into hot water?

* *

Whether two brilliant literary lights, a man and a woman, who for some years past have maintained a very antagonistic attitude towards each other, have just struck up a sudden and most enthusiastic friendship, and how long this affable state of affairs will last?

* * *

Everyone can end the day with a smile, says an optimist. But supposing you have to sing the twins to sleep?

* * *

If the public are not getting just a wee bit fed up with snapshots of Prince Henry "wearing his first silk hat," and long-winded descriptions of "how he went to a tuck shop to buy a bottle of ginger-beer and a bag of jam puffs"?

* * *

And if it would not be more interesting to learn who he is going to fag for?

* * *

Whether Harry Lauder has really forgotten the fine bronze bust of himself which he left behind him at the Palace Theatre and which now decorates the box office waiting to be reclaimed?

The lady with the muff: "What's the matter with my sister, she's sharp enough!"

The lady-killer: "Yes, by Jove! the last time I met her she cut me."

Much money is made by speculators in fashions. Ladies' clothes, we learn, are "a good line." We have decided to take in hand this gold mine, and in anticipation of probable future fashion are making a corner in fig leaves.

* * *

If arrangements are being made at the New Cabaret Club for supper to be served *à la Russe*, when each guest will be provided with a tray upon which the entire menu of cold supper will be placed, together with changes, plates, etc.?

* * *

If wedlock is one of those that should never be bolted?

* * *

We have been trying the "keep smiling" cure for neuralgia lately, but the treatment has not so far been a success. We always seem to be sitting opposite to an ugly flapper, who, of course, prevents it from being tested.

* * *

If Mr. George Robey is looking forward to the golf match with Miss Edith Leitch, and if it will prove such a "sticker" as her name suggests?

*

If it is a fact that "Kidlet" received a wedding present; whether she counts the spoon separately?

*

Who was the donor of the bob-tailed, cheeky looking sheep dog which has just been presented to Gaby Deslys, and if this new pet will accompany her to the [illegible] every morning along with the two frisky Yorkshires?

*

If the little extemporised supper party held on the stage of the Alhambra Theatre at the close of the final rehearsal of "Keep Smiling" (which, by the way, lasted very nearly 2 a.m.), which consisted mainly of tongues and hams, recruited by messengers from the Eccentric and other West End clubs, was not quite a success affair despite the fact of those who took part in it?

*

Whether the predicted failure of this year's champagne crop will cause a further rise in the price of first-class brands?

*

If George Edwardes is looking forward to the dinner which members of the O.P. club are to give him on October 26th, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Gaiety Theatre, and if it is rumoured that it will put the memory of the Merry Widow festivity altogether in the shade?

* * *

Whether the "actress chauffeur" is now the latest craze and if Miss Pauline Chase and Miss Ethel Dane have been taken to driving their own cars?

* * *

Whether the grave-diggers who have threatened to strike will only succeed in getting themselves into a hole?

* * *

Whether Miss Clayton and "Marquis," winners of the Tango prize at the Covent Garden Ball, have been specially engaged by "Pa" Payne for his new "Lotus" club?

* * *

Whether picking the new "garter-pocket" will prove a kneesy job?

...ago women umpire at baseball matches and "like ...uch." Is it because they can always get the last ...

* * *

...e very worthy critic has discovered the dress ...rie Löhr wears in "The Grand Seigneur" to "be ..." and where he has been rusticating during the ... months to have got left so hopelessly behind in ...ter of dress?

* * *

..." Black Maria" to seat twenty prisoners has been ... for use in the metropolitan police area. Is this ...ore for the Suffragettes?

* * *

...per was asking the other day who could be labelled ...t-looking woman in Society, stating that neither ...ngtry nor Mrs. Cornwallis-West had had a suc... We might just repeat the words of an old sailor at ...: "They'm be beautiful enough on paper, but when ...'em in real life they'm nothing particular."

* * *

... in one of the mining towns of the Midlands was ... for his wedding with Dorothy Maria. The ques... the honeymoon had to be settled. "Come now," ... which is it to be, Hanley or Paris?"

* * *

...l correspondent in the *Mirror* expresses the opinion ... man should propose at night. It does not matter ... darkness so long as the son gets through somehow.

* * *

...ing on an earthquake in Naples the telephone girls ... helter-skelter into the street. Not one of them ...ed on duty in order to afford Signor Lothario an ...unity to tell the Signora that he would be detained ...ness.

* * *

...ner it isn't a fact that no end of ladies of unimpeach... character find themselves being annoyed by being ...ed about the various stores by shopwalkers who are ...ther than private detectives? And whether the proprietors of stores don't ask for trouble by the very manner in which they display their wares?

* * *

The newspapers have been making a big fuss because Hamlet has been played by Mme. Suzanne Desprès, in Paris. But is it so unusual for women to "play Hamlet" upon every possible and impossible occasion? We have always the Suffragettes with us, anyhow.

* * *

Alec. Hurley is late in coming up to the scratch in order that Bernard Dillon may Marry Lloyd instead of hanging about Polly Hurley.

* * *

Whether Mrs. Winston Churchill employs an advertising agent to keep her name well to the fore? And whether "Winnie's" real hobby is the style of his clothes.

* * *

That the husband of Miss Sackville-West must be feeling somewhat sick at all the papers have had to say? How many times must he have read—presuming of course that he did read all that was written about him and his bride—"had she waited she might have done much better." So very flattering to a man and his family, don't you know!

* * *

Why Mr. Courtice Pounds, who has just scored such a marked success in "The Laughing Husband," is so anxious that everyone should know he wears "flannel undervests" and "Jaeger socks," and if he attributes his good fortune to either of these startling facts?

* * *

Two heads are better than one. But one tongue between two is the wisest matrimonial arrangement.

* * *

The Holborn Council are experimenting with a new motor street-cleaner, which not only sweeps the surface of the roadway but gathers up the refuse as it goes along. It is understood that the necessity for such an appliance has become marked owing to the modern feminine fashion of skimpy skirts.

HOISTING THE COLOURS.

Red. White. Blue.

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Saved by Seconds," says a news par. headline. This, we presume, alludes to a French duel.

* * *

Ought women to be barbers? asks a newspaper. We haven't the face to allow it.

* * *

"Eggs that croak," says a newspaper headline. When we encounter one thus far developed we wring its neck.

* * *

School children at Idle, near Bradford, have gone on strike. The idle little beggars deserve a good slating.

* * *

Will the new Lord Mayor of London be dressed in all the colours of the rainbow? About the name there is a fitness for the use of these hues.

* * *

"Poets as a sign of frost," says a *Daily Sketch* headline. That, no doubt, is owing to their being subject so much to the cold shoulder.

* * *

"There is a crisis in my life once a week," writes Mr. James Douglas in *London Opinion*. Ours usually comes at the quarter's end.

* * *

The staircase waltz craze, which has invaded the London music-halls, seems to us a very crude way of taking steps to elevate dramatic art.

* * *

"Can we live without microbes"? asks the *Standard*. No doubt we could manage to do so—that is, those of us who are not panelled.

* * *

The Nottingham Goose Fair really belies its name, as geese are conspicuous by their absence. The Mayor and Council members usually attend, however.

* * *

Conference in the Air? Cabinet Meeting Summoned.—*Globe* poster. We should have thought that an aeroplane meeting would be more appropriate.

* * *

Trouble in the Balkans. Crown Prince on his way Home—says a headline. Dear, dear; these family squabbles! Why can't he stay away for the sake of peace.

* * *

"£5 for a tin of mustard" declares a headline. We are inclined to take this with a grain of salt. But if truth prevails the bidding must have been very keen.

* * *

"I bought a bottle of your asthma cure and it has cured my breathing," runs a testimonial in a patent medicine advt. No doubt this was written during the last gasp.

* * *

"Man to be Obeyed."—*Daily Mail* headline. We hope the Suffragettes don't read this paper. Somehow we have always admired the Carmelite House windows.

* * *

A pet dog travelled two hundred miles to get back to Mr. J. D. Rockefeller. This instance of devotion is the more touching because a dog has no use for money.

* * *

Are Sportsmen Kind-hearted—silly season "stunt." Certainly! The man who shot the partridge we had for dinner the other night must have hesitated for several years before pulling the trigger.

* * *

Asked what was the meaning of the special Cabinet Council, Mr. Illingworth, Chief Government Whip, said there was nothing in it. There being nothing in it, there was, of course, no cat to let out.

* * *

Seventy applications have been received by the managing director of Allsopps, the brewers, who offered two vacancies to University men. The disappointed sixty-eight will have to continue paying for their beer.

* * *

A Chiswick policeman on night duty carries a live black kitten in his coat pocket as a mascot. If he hears a row on his beat he always waits to see which way the cat will jump before proceeding to investigate.

* * *

A class for chiropodists is included in the special courses of instruction arranged to aid soldiers of the south-eastern district in obtaining employment on reverting to civil life. To help them to find their own corn in future, of course.

"Wesleyans' Striking Celebration." Where is the conflict to end?

* * *

"Policemen's feet. Nine men on a square yard of p... says a news headline. Squaring the law is a difficu... all the same.

* * *

"Are airmen too old at forty?" asks a morning pap... editor. No prize is announced to be given for the dis... of one who has reached that age.

* * *

Gramophones and bagpipes were introduced into ... by Kaid Maclean. No wonder he was captured an... to ransom. The marvel is that he is alive.

* * *

"All Night Search for a Hot Spring," is an item of ... tion. The enterprise is too previous. What is wan... the top-coatless at all events, is a warm winter.

* * *

A man entombed in a mine at Wilkesbarre, P... cheered up by rag-time music what time his rescue... trying to reach him. The music is probably played ... miner key.

* * *

A French teacher in a Chicago school has resign... post and became a hawker of monkey-nuts. He hop... future to provide the corporal instead of the mental pa... of his pupils.

* * *

We are told that the Imperial German Chancellor ... to Munich Fair, and himself filled his mug with a "... of beer. It seems as though the Munich beer is more ... a trifle thick.

* * *

A coalman's trousers caught fire at Golders Green the ... day, and had to be put out by the aid of a water-cart. ... were certainly two elements for a joke in this little ... but we refrain.

* * *

A young Italian wood-carver in Londo... from his work to make an appearance as a p... at the London Coliseum. At any rate his voice ... void of timbre.

* * *

"In play with 4 unfinished, at Glasgow. Gray ... this when he missed an easy cannon.—*Evening* ... report). We often wondered how he made those big ... so easily. But what did Reece think about it?

* * *

On the application of a dentist, a composer h... injuncted from playing Japanese music in a flat. St... the very teeth of his dental foe he can pursue his ... work. Why not play it in B sharp instead of in A flat

* * *

Talking about music, there is said to be a great de... for piano fly-finishers. Is rag-time responsible? A ... or two ago we could have done with a force of fly-finish... piece-work at per thousand, completely "outed" flies ... carefully counted.

* * *

A new comet, discovered by ... described as "in appearance as a ... constellation Lynx." This is probably the ... Ray and Vardon struck when playing a... American golf star.

* * *

Describing the "New Ulster Fund," opened by the ... Unionist women, the *Daily Mirror* says: "Lady Lon... derry heading the list with £1,000, and the Duchess of ... corn with £500." Well, two heads are better than one, ... when the wigs are on the green.

* * *

French is being taught at Tottenham Gra... by the aid of pocket mirrors, which enable the ... if their pronunciation is right. We *did* intend ... joke about this, but a little reflection showed ... would be easier to hold our tongue.

* * *

"Blind Man's Feat. Works Telephone Exchange by ... of Hearing and Touch," runs a *Daily Mirror* head... Very handy of him, because, of course, it is extre... unusual for a telephone operator to possess the s... ing or to get in touch with the require... first treading on somebody's corns.

He: "There goes Johnson's new boat. I wonder what he's named her?"
She: "I can only make out the first two letters—I O."
He: "That's the whole of it, I think. He hasn't paid for her yet."

. . . . ? No one at present.

* *

, runs a headline. So near Christmas

* * *

n's first impressions of America were

lort.

A suggestion for a newspaper discussion: Can children be educated before they are born?

* * *

From the "Agonies" in the *Daily Mail*: "Don't send sea now.—Myrtle." We hope Myrtle will indefinitely postpone the order, as we are looking forward to a trip to Paris shortly, and the tunnel is still a thing of the dark future.

IN STAGELAND.

Have you heard the comedy of the staircase? Thus it is! Mr. A. P. de Courville, of the London Hippodrome, was in America searching for new material and novelty. He admired a staircase feature in a contemporary New York production, and immediately negotiated for the purchase of the act, and for presentation by its inventor, Mr. Ned Wayburn, as an item in the Hippodrome's big new revue for Christmas.

* * *

About this time, however, M. Charlot, of the Alhambra, saw it, and also admired. He consulted his own staff, and desired to produce at once on his own lines, thus confidently expecting to spoil the novelty of the principal feature of a rival house's production.

* * *

The London Opera House intend to run a similar feature as soon as the complicated apparatus can be manufactured and erected. Up to the date of going to press no further candidate for "escalade" spectacular effect has notified his intention of competing.

* *

Mr. De Courville must be accorded the honours so far at all events. He keeps himself unusually well-informed. Thus it happened that the week before last found two acts cut out of the bottom of the Hippodrome bill and "The Escalade" inserted, so that after all Moss's brilliant young impresario has led—follow who may! Meanwhile, how long will the public permit the managements to suffer from staircase epidemic; a "novelty" discovered and produced at Drury Lane by the late Sir Augustus Harris in 1887.

* *

Further congratulation may be offered Mr. de Courville in that Mr. Lawrence Grossmith has been secured to play the principal comedy rôle in "Are You There?" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, a few weeks hence. Grossmith has secured a permanent niche in our affections since he made such an assured success of "The Glad Eye" for Mr. Louis Meyer, so we shall be there in force for certain.

* *

She: "I'm going to play before the cinema camera for the first time next week. It makes me quite nervous. I shall be just covered with confusion."
He: "Nonsense! The management won't permit it."

For the benefit of our provincial readers it may be advisable to mention that the elegant gentleman of the baton pyrotechnics, caricatured last week with curious excellence by my artist colleague, as "a side-show at the Palladium," is Mr. Jimmy Sale, whom hundreds of thousands of us fortunate cockneys appreciate as an act always on the same bill and always fresh.

* * *

The National Sunday League is an enemy of all the stricter Sabbatarian Leagues, and this alone, quite apart from the indisputable measure of good it has afforded us in travel facilities and entertainment in the past, should, and will, be sufficient to ensure permanent support from the sane majority. At Camberwell Palace on Sunday, the Palladium Band and Little Cora Goffin, at the head of a typically splendid N.S.L. bill, had the place packed to an extraordinary degree. At the same time an experiment, with an ambitious programme, at the London Opera House, justified its continuance. The concerts at [illegible] and Alhambra give us every Sunday afternoon the best of every branch of stage and platform [illegible] Ruth Vincent, Violet Essex, Constance Drever, Farkoa, Henry Ainley, Harry Dearth—these of the type to be found on the programmes of Sunday League, one of the most magnificent enterprises of the century.

* * *

What is the matter with the average [illegible] is becoming more verbose and self-imp[illegible] justified, one would have imagined, even to [illegible] can be found to cause so merciless a rough-[illegible] "This Way, Madam!" received at the hands of [illegible] of the professio[illegible] ridiculous a pitch[illegible] tion from the [illegible] matter above [illegible] the Queen's fa[illegible] ion. Maurice Fa[illegible] beautiful dre[illegible] headed. [illegible] further [illegible] delay. [illegible] in fav[illegible] about [illegible] raise the [illegible] cause.

*

I am inform[illegible] Coll from [illegible] Adelphi, [illegible] Wednesday [illegible] Saturday e[illegible] originally [illegible]

*

Those who [illegible] popular film, [illegible] of the Strand [illegible] welcome the [illegible] form of an [illegible] drama. The [illegible] teen." This [illegible] reach the [illegible] month, [illegible] residents. [illegible] some [illegible] with the [illegible] justice [illegible] Hayes, the [illegible] crime.

*

That enterpri[illegible] Selsior, Limited, w[illegible] filmed Happy Fa[illegible] in a dance scene [illegible] cently made arr[illegible] to present Miss Da[illegible] Miss Daisy Dorme[illegible] Hullo, Ragtime" f[illegible]

* *

Miss Mercy Manners, of [illegible] four of the London Hippodrome [illegible] screen.

* * *

Film companies are nothing if not up-to-da[illegible] them has produced "The Mystery of the [illegible] Necklace." Several of the scenes are s[illegible] most notable being the fight in the tube and th[illegible] Trafalgar Square. Scenes in France include the [illegible] Place de la Concorde, the Tuileries, and the Gare

* * *

Madame Lydia Yavorska has been well advis[illegible] off the unpleasant curtain-raiser [illegible] Madamoiselle [illegible] did *not* adorn her bill at the Ambi[illegible] was to show the versatility of the R[illegible] make-up in the part was weird and wonderful.

THE COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 24.

HOW THE ROYAL DUKE OF CUMBERLAND CHASED THE PRETTY COUNTESS GROSVENOR TO HER RUIN.

...nere the Duke of Cumberland first met the Coun-...enor doesn't much matter. The Duke was the brother ...George the Third and, besides being an Admiral in the ...avy, he was about the hottest "spark" of his time. ...was for years the "talk of the town," and he ended ... He met his match at last in Anne Luttrell, one of ...lls of Dunster—but that is another story. We prefer ...minely in love" and what came of it. As we ...oesn't matter where he first set eyes upon Lady ...It may have been at Brighton, where Royalty was ...wickedest; it may have been in the streets of London ..., but the day came when the Duke had an as-...ce of her Ladyship "on the Q.T." It took place at ... of one of the German ladies of title then about ... She was the Countess of Dunhoff, and when Lady ...whose husband was a future Marquis of Westminster, ...Countess that she wanted to be alone with the Duke ...land, the German lady did her best for her little friend. ...her servants that she was going to the country for a ...and should Lady Grosvenor call she was to be al-...nun of the house." And no sooner did the Countess ...depart than Lady Grosvenor was there, ordering the ...admit her "brother" to her chamber. The brother, ...other than the Duke of Cumberland, arrived in less ...hour, and he was soon under lock and key with Lord ...pretty wife.

...enor Determines to be a Grass Widow.

...time the love-affair of the Duke and Lady Grosvenor ...place. The Duke was undoubtedly "badly smitten." ...the couple made the Countess of Dunhoff's house ...place, and very soon they had become callous of ...ces. They were both violently in love, and no-...ed. At last the Duke's furlough expired, and he ...d to return to Portsmouth. Before he went, Lady ...ore never to be anything to any man but His ...ness, and she kept her word! As she was living on ...nacy with her husband, this was a problem. But ...or surmounted it. Her tricks to avoid being wife ...l her husband are very amusing. Her letters tell ...l story. Naturally enough, she wasn't very co-...she was a feather-brained lass, but the following ...s no explaining. The Duke left Lady Grosvenor ...on in an apparent state of felicity with Lord ...ed that after the season they should return to Eaton ...Cheshire. Up till then Lord Grosvenor suspected nothing. ...She belonged henceforth body and soul to His Royal ...mberland, and she had her vow to keep. So she wrote to the ...darling,—He (Lord Grosvenor) asked me yesterday ...ld be able to go into Cheshire. I told him I could ...least guess, as it depended entirely how I was, and ...laid a good scheme, for I've already complained I've ...side. Now I intend to say it's much worse at ...onth, and that I cannot bear the motion of ...will, I really believe, be a good plan, for if I ... or anything of that kind, the physician would ... that I had not, and might discover me to ...s will be a more lasting complaint, and ...x weeks I'll grow very ill, and send for ...ry, and make him give me some nasty ...throw out of the window). Only think how ...n reality I am already as strong and well as I ...life. My month is out by the week the 5th of July, but by the month not till the 7th, so I'll take it at the longest, and not be as well at the end of it, so that we (she and her husband) mayn't lye together. And as he will be going to Newmarket for the races the eighth or ninth, which are on the tenth, and will stay there several days, when he comes home he shall find me worse with the pain in my side, and then your six weeks (afloat) will be out the 26th, and I hope you will not be long after that. I'm quite in sperrits with the thought that by some means or other we shall make out the time, and I shall be so happy to see you when you return. My dear soul, adieu till to-morrow, when I shall add more," etc., etc.

The Duke Dreams of Lady G. upon the Rolling Main.

And this is the way the love-sick Duke replied:—

"My dear Angel,"—I got to bed at 10; I then prayed for you, my dearest love, kissed your dearest little hair, and lay down and dreamt of you; had you ten thousand times in my arms, kissing you, and telling you how much I loved you and adored you, and you seemed so pleased. But, alas! when I awoke I found it all delusions—nobody there but myself, at sea. I arose by half-past five, and went on deck, where I found my friend Billy, with whom I walked half-an-hour," etc.

In another letter the Duke says:—

"Oh, my dearest soul, your dear heart is so safe with me, and feels every motion mine does. How happy will that day be to me that brings you back! I shall be unable to speak for joy. My dearest soul, I send you ten thousand kisses!"

At last the hour approached when the Duke's six weeks with the Fleet would expire. He and Lady Grosvenor were both all agog for the meeting. It was to be an exciting one. Lord Grosvenor's pretty wife had "kept herself to herself" ever since the Duke had been at sea. Her "good scheme" had worked! And now she was ready—aye, ravenous—for the embraces of her little Royal Duke. As for Lord Grosvenor, he had returned from Newmarket full of ardour for his little wifiekins, only to find her groaning with a "pain in her side," poor dear, and totally unfit for anything but the devotion of her doctor and nurse. Lord Grosvenor believed his wife immaculate, and not a suspicion of any other man ever crossed his mind.

The Moment of the Meeting Approaches.

And this is how the Duke of Cumberland announced his coming return to her Ladyship. (His letters were usually a jumble of loving phrases and the jargon of the sea!):—

"My dear Angel,—As I promised to always let you know my motions and thoughts, I have now performed my promise this day to you, and always will, until the very last letter you shall have from me, which will be when I send the Admiralty word that I am arrived at Spithead. Then I shall only wait just for their answer, which will be with me in a few hours, to strike my flag, and then I shall return to you that instant. O, my love, I am mad and happy beside myself to tell you how I love you, and have thought of you ever since I have been separated from you. The wind being contrary to-day about one, I put off dinner till about three o'clock, in order to anchor ships for this night in Portland Roads, just off Weymouth, about two miles. I hope to sail to-morrow about five in the morning. I hope you are well. Angel of my heart, pray take care of your dear self, for the sake of your faithful servant, who lives but to love and adore you, and to bless the moment that has made you generous enough to own it to him. I hope, my dear, nay, I will dare to say, you never will have reason to repent it," etc., etc.

Why the Duke's Door had to be Chalked.

The Duke obviously had a premonition of the utter ruin he was bringing upon the love-lorn Countess, but he failed to stay his hand! He was a blackguard, and he knew it. However, the Duke eventually arrived in London, and the meeting took place. The Countess waited till dark o' night, then went into the Duke's house by the back-door. What then transpired we will not enquire. What happened later on is more to the point. For some days the Duke and Lady Grosvenor were "up to their eyes" in love, and then Lord Grosvenor, still unsuspicious, took his wife back to Cheshire. It was a long journey in those days from London to Eaton Hall, and Lady Grosvenor contrived to do it alone. The first night her coach pulled up at the White Hart, at St. Albans. Simultaneously a youngster who was supposed to be a little "soft" arrived, under the name of "Squire Morgan, from Wales." With him was a "Farmer Gedding," and a servant named Mr. Trusty. Every night the Squire's door was chalked, and wherever Lady Grosvenor put up on the journey, Squire Morgan was there and his door carefully chalked at night. The Squire was, of course, the Duke of Cumberland, but he didn't know Lady Grosvenor from Adam. (That's why his door had to be chalked. The rascal!)

Like Rats in a Trap.

In due course Lady Grosvenor arrived in Cheshire, Squire Morgan still in her near vicinity. At night her Ladyship used to wander forth to contemplate the bats, and hear the songs of the night-birds! Squire Morgan generally was not far off, though no sign of recognition ever passed between them—when they were within sight of others, of course. But one night they were caught like rats in a trap. It was a dirty night, rainy but clear, and through the muddy roads Lady Grosvenor trudged to the man she loved. And there he was right enough, under a tree, and soon the couple were in animated conversation beneath the shelter of a friendly hedge. Little did they dream that mean eyes were noting their every movement. But all of a sudden up shot one of the Westminster servants with a note for her Ladyship. The lady rushed towards the servant, while the Duke skulked behind a tree and shivered! He was caught, and he knew it! Lady Grosvenor, in a state of terror, followed the servant back to the house, but swore him to secrecy.

"Jack Sprat" Opens Lord Grosvenor's Eyes.

And the servant kept his word—literally, however. He *said* nothing, and the Grosvenors returned to town. A few days later, however, Lord Grosvenor received this note. It was signed "Jack Sprat":—

"If you have a mind to see your wife go off with her gallant, place yourself at C——'s garden door at a little before 8, and you will see her and her sister go with him to his own back door a little way off, and so return the same way at half after nine. If you are fool enough to discover this information, or not be thankful for it, you shall have no more; that's all at present."

"Tearing the Sheets Off!"

Lord Grosvenor's eyes were now opened, and he laid his plans. The family soon returned to Cheshire ("Squire Morgan" again in close attendance), and one day Lady Grosvenor sent her servant to the town to post a letter. By a coincidence he met Lord Grosvenor, who offered to post the letter himself. His Lordship opened the missive, and found who her Ladyship's gallant was, and set himself to obtain proofs of his wife's unchastity. And proving it was no difficult matter. The couple were now beyond recall. They had abandoned all reserve. All that mattered was that the Duke was not discovered to the country. Lady Grosvenor's fate doesn't seem to have troubled him at all. At last Lord Grosvenor sent his wife back to London alone, with instructions to her Ladyship's servants. Travelling by slow stages, the coach put up at Whitchurch; the next night at the Four Crosses; the next at Coventry; the next at Towcester, and the next at St. Albans. The "Squire," the "Farmer," and Mr. Trusty were all there, and then Lord Grosvenor's servant determined to tear the veil from the lady's hypocrisy. When Lady Grosvenor had secured her room, and gone out for an airing, William Stevens quickly bored two holes in her Ladyship's door, and filled the interstices with plugs of paper. That night Lady Grosvenor retired at nine, and Will Stevens, as was his custom, took her her bowl of punch at that hour. The lady was already *en deshabille*, and she opened the door just sufficiently to take the bowl, then slammed it to, and turned the lock. But a very few moments after the paper plugs were noiselessly taken from the door, and Will Stevens, with his brother, the landlord of the neighbouring Woolpack Inn, awaited the sound of voices. They had not to wait long. In less than an hour they were rewarded by hearing the voice of "Squire Morgan" and Lady Grosvenor in animated conversation, with osculatory accompaniment. Then the candles were snuffed in the bedroom. Now was the moment for Lord Grosvenor to be avenged.

Lord Grosvenor is Dramatically Avenged.

Without a whisper, Will Stevens and his brother from the Woolpack inserted a crowbar between the door and the wall, and with the assistance of two of [illegible] open. And there, on the side of the [illegible] lolled. The Duke, at first, was speechless. [illegible] into the adjoining room and from it [illegible] oath" he had never been in Lady Grosvenor's [illegible] Grosvenor, prostrate at her exposure, returned a [illegible] was cold-shouldered by her husband, who [illegible] divorce against the King's brother and [illegible] damages, and Lady Grosvenor disappeared, a [illegible] woman. The Duke at once took up with Anne [illegible] soon paid him out, and showed him that there are such [illegible] as "women's rights!" But, as we said before, that's a [illegible] story!

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Chatty Waiter (glancing out of the [illegible] be 'ere in a minute or two now, sir.

Customer: "Well, I didn't order [illegible] chop."

* * *

Every girl screams on getting kissed by [illegible] usually does it inwardly.

* *

It isn't necessary for a young man [illegible] when kissing a girl. She is usually on the [illegible] target so he can't miss.

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DERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

iel Dodd created no surprise by winning the Can- Golf Championship. She carried off the so readily that the Cheshire lady was easily the of the trio of players who left England in quest in North America.

championship of Canada after becoming the English title Miss Dodd follows in the Miss Dorothy Campbell, the North Berwick ried off the Canadian championship after win- ish event in 1911. But Miss Campbell went by also winning the American championship. onour is quite within the grasp of Miss Dodd, Miss Gladys Ravenscroft and Miss Harrison Montreal to Wilmington, where the latter in to-day.

ere is a woman player living capable of ex- Dodd when at her best. In 1912 when she he lists, she only did so on the solicitation of her best friend, Miss Ravenscroft. The feet on the third day and Miss Ravenscroft may be that that defeat spurred Miss Dodd at her next appearance last June she won but did not have the opportunity of level- with her friend and rival Miss Ravenscroft, in one of the early rounds. But the time les came last week when Miss Dodd proved er player. She will almost assuredly start American championship, and unless a rises meteor-like from the ranks of the Miss Dodd will emulate Miss Campbell termed a triple crown. At any rate, one ish players looks like lifting the cup, for ar the standard of play among American o high as it is over here.

Miss Florence Hardy, whom Miss Dodd de- round in last week's contest at Montreal, a championship in 1903 and 1904 and was awa to Miss Campbell in 1911.

QUINS AND GLOUCESTER.

ward line the Harlequin backs can beat but if the forwards are hopeless as they h with Gloucester then not even the Har- pull the side out of a hole. The Glouces- ugh not so hefty as the 'Quins', are a with good backs behind them the "West " be in for a glorious season. But same street as the forwards, and many great chances of adding to their advantage were thrown away when the Londoners' forward line finally cracked some time before the finish. But if their forwards are poor up to the present the Quins' backs look like being as good as ever. In spite of being almost always on the defensive they kept their line intact, and Gloucester won by two dropped goals.

Time was when it was the duty of every Rugby player behind the scrum to mark the trick of drop-kicking at goal, but in most teams it is rapidly becoming little more than a lost art. It is a tradition to have good drop kicks in the Gloucester team, and Hamblin, who took two shots at the 'Quins' goal on Saturday, proved its value by landing the ball straight both times. One of the shots was a particularly brilliant one because he had very little room.

AND OTHER RUGBYITES.

It is pleasing to be in a position to congratulate Blackheath on their start. In their match with the Services the result was a trifle surprising. An interesting feature of the game was the fact that Coverdale and Cumberlege, who were opposed by the International pair of half-backs, Oakley and Davies, had the best of the exchanges throughout. But it would not be fair to criticise the Services men, for they were playing behind a pack that were at times almost overwhelmed. "The Club's" forwards are great.

As I said last week, the Cambridge Rugger side ought to be a great one, and from Oxford comes the news that the Dark Blues should have a powerful fifteen, for Bain has at his command eight Old Blues, and in addition Loudoun-Shand, who would undoubtedly have played in last year's Varsity match at Queen's but for getting crocked, is available. By the time next week's notes are written both 'Varsities will have played their opening matches, and I can go into their prospects at greater length.

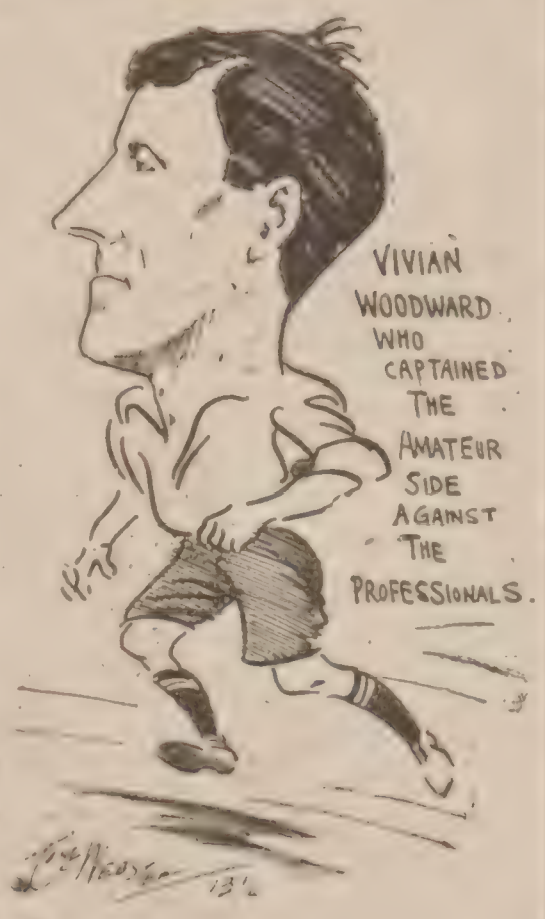
THE SOCCER LEADERS.

Blackburn Rovers, Bury, and Swindon are up to now the three teams of the year in professional Soccer. The record of the Rovers in securing 13 points in their first seven League matches is a fine one. In six games Bury only dropped two by virtue of a couple of draws. Swindon, although not meeting such strong sides as the Rovers, have a really marvellous record. They had played up to Saturday six games and had taken all 12 points. It would appear that the transfer of Jock Walker to Middlesborough has not weakened the team at all, for in addition to a big

money payment McRobbie, the Borough back, was transferred to the Signalmen, and he has played champion football for Swindon. Still, neither McRobbie nor Fleming played against the Crystal Palace. The Scot was crocked and Fleming was resting in view of the Amateurs' and Professionals' match at New Cross on the Monday. The Palace had not previously met with defeat, and the victory of Swindon at Sydenham was one of the most brilliant things done in League football this season.

BOXING.

Kid Lewis proved himself a better man than Alec. Lambert at the National Sporting Club last Monday when the boxing season formally opened. It was a bright, sparkling match all through, but Lewis was always just a wee bit quicker than Lambert, and had thoroughly beaten his man when Mr. Douglas stopped the contest in the seventeenth round.



Boxing is booming in Australia just now, and many important and interesting matches are being decided. Hughie Mehegan, the Australian, who made himself so popular when he was over here last season, has had a set-to with Pal Brown, the clever American light-weight, and was beaten on points after twenty rounds. Johnny Summers, who is a prime favourite, is going to meet Young Nipper. The Nipper must have improved tremendously since he went out, if he is to have any chance with Johnny. Matt Wells is expected to have a hard battle in his forthcoming match with Herbert McCoy.

A GREAT YORKSHIRE CRICKETER.

It only wanted the announcement to be made that "Schoffy" Haigh was retiring from Yorkshire cricket to get him a great many coaching offers. Such a one was made by the Wanderers Club at Johannesberg. It was a tempting bait and only after considerable thought did Haigh feel justified in refusing it. He takes up the position of cricket coach at Winchester next summer, and thought that a winter's rest after his long and successful career was not unearned before starting on his new duties. Haigh should prove a rare good coach, and the Winton boys will have one of the wiliest of bowlers to teach them the mysteries of spin and break.

HENDON AS A SOCIETY RENDEZVOUS.

The present season at Hendon has not only been a notable one for the remarkable progress in the science of aviation, which has been demonstrated to large crowds of the general public each week, but the Aerodrome itself has become an established rendezvous for many well-known personalities in London society, who evince a keen practical interest in the advancement of flying. Among the distinguished visitors during the summer were the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur, King Manoel and Queen Amelie of Portugal, Prince Christopher of Greece (who recently made a flight with Mr. Grahame-White), Lord Desborough, Lord Carbery, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, Sir Thomas Lipton, and others.

Forthcoming special events at the London Aerodrome include the *Weekly Dispatch* Day on Thursday, October 16th, a Morane-Saulnier speed contest on the 23rd inst., and an illuminated night flying display on Wednesday, November 5th. Owing to the popularity of the Thursday meetings, it has been decided to continue these during the next few months. The week-end flying meetings will also be continued throughout the autumn and winter season.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

HARRY LAUDER AT BRIGHTON.

Few Brighton people were aware that the funny man who on most fine mornings lately has been on the West Pier, with spectacles on his nose, and in the paper, was the "wonderful" Harry Lauder, who has been putting in a fortnight at London-by-the-Sea. The comedian's characteristic horror of extravagance led him one morning. On the Pier there is a band, for which the modest charge of twopence is made. The great man stood looking at the entrance, and asked an attendant "Is there an extra charge for seats?" "Yes, sir, twopence," was the reply. "Then, I'll just stay ootside," and he moved away.

"Officer," said the police magistrate, "what is the charge against the prisoner?"

"Having an infernal machine in his possession, your honour," replied the policeman.

"Anarchist or chauffeur?" queried the magistrate.

* * *

"Did that young man kiss you last night, Ethel?"

"Mother, do you suppose he came all that way just to hear me sing?"

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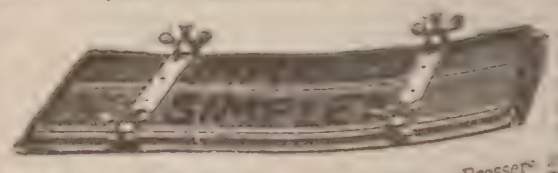

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YOU CAN SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE

and they must reach our offices not later than first post on Friday, Oct. 31st.

FOR COUPONS & CONDITIONS SEE BACK PAGE

OUR CODY FUND.

evident that the public are entirely apathetic te of Colonel Cody's widow. The response to ugurated by the joint committee of the Aerial very meagre indeed, and it seems that we also to confess failure in our attempt to collect a um of money wherewith to ensure from actual low of an airman who did splendid service to of his adoption. It is a pity!

scriptions have come to hand this week, and g for a further substantial amount from the subscription lists which we have sent out. It ade clear that the whole of the money received rs. Cody. There will be no deductions for ex- have been considerable.

sk all those who have received subscription urn them to us forthwith, together with any

MODERN LIFE 1s. CODY FUND.

rtisers, Mr. H. Diamond, of Lucerne, Switzerland, makes er. To every shilling sent in he will add another one. Diamond has subscribed £100 (2,000 shillings), so as to send off.

will be acknowledged in the columns of **Modern Life,** to hand over the money to Mrs. Cody at the end of trust you will remember the old adage: "He gives twice

ould be sent to the Manager of **Modern Life,** Farringdon n Street, London, E.C.

ould be marked "Cody Fund" on the outside, and cheques should be crossed "Cody Fund."

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tiser	1
... ...	1
... ...	1
... ...	1
Touring Co., per Dollie A. H. Lennox	41
	2,252

WIT AND WISDOM.

iend is one who is willing to divide his cold

* * *

an is apt to fear a silent woman.

* * *

has no brains there's nothing in his head to know it.

* * *

boast that their souls are their own might not they saw it.

* * *

ing thing in connection with matrimony is

* * *

who uses religion as a cloak in this world may e for a smoking jacket in the next.

* * *

riage a young man imagines two can live as one; after marriage he ties a tin can to his

* * *

fails thinks success is merely a matter of

* * *

ents make the least noise.

* * *

a man's weakness let him talk while

* * *

true heroine is a woman who could talk n't.

* * *

friend is a woman who can keep him from of himself.

* * *

baby arrives a woman seldom changes her hair.

* * *

elor decides to get married he keeps as as if he were about to rob a safe.

* * *

non has been preached in silence.

* * *

never borrow trouble; they buy it outright.

* * *

ealth is good if it belongs to us.

* * *

but they are usually self

BE ABOVE THE ORDINARY MAN

If you were head and shoulders above your competitors in a literal sense, you would be head and shoulders above them in your business prospects as well.

The rise in salary which you have been waiting for so long would be yours. The big man commands attention and respect, and gets what he wants.

My system will increase your height by from two to three inches, as it has done for so many others. Definite proof of this will be found below. Why not let me increase your height, and improve your health and the smart appearance of your figure as well.

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Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill) writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes:—"I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your system I have added approximately three inches to my height."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4ft. 9½ins., but it is now 5ft., an increase of 2½ins., which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

Do not put off any longer, but write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for further particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

Dept. M., **17, Stroud Green Road,**

London, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The only markets where there has been any business doing at all during the last week have been Oils and Americans.

* * *

In the case of Americans there has been very heavy selling, which I anticipated would take place, and consequently advised readers to leave Unions alone for the moment, but as the price has now been knocked out several points they are again worth picking up for a rise.

* * *

Prices elsewhere are about the same, and as I know of nothing else at the moment likely to specially interest my readers, I now propose dealing at some length with the rubber question as promised.

* * *

PLAIN TALK ABOUT RUBBER.

I dare say half the householders in the United Kingdom hold rubber shares, and naturally the present state of the market worries them considerably.

* * *

It is no good blinking the serious position that confronts the rubber shareholders at the present time. Optimists may talk of the wonderful things that are going to happen in the near future, but the one fact staring us in the face is that the present price of about 2s. per lb. for the raw article means bankruptcy to half the rubber companies if it holds for any considerable time.

* * *

In desperation companies are now trying to form a central selling agency to regulate the price of rubber, but at best this is only creating an artificial figure. In industries of this kind the price must entirely depend upon supply and demand.

* * *

We now turn to the September Plantation Rubber statistics, which show imports into London amounted to 2,875 tons, and to deliveries 2,755 tons, showing an excess of imports over deliveries of 120 tons.

* * *

This is not a large figure, but a straw shows how the wind blows, and it looks as if production of plantation rubber had more than caught up with demand, and when we consider that any amount of young companies have only recently reached the producing stage, and that the old companies are producing more and more each month, as the monthly return shows, it is quite obvious that the price of rubber cannot rise to any extent, if at all, during the next two or three years.

* * *

The cure for this state of affairs rests entirely in finding new fields for the use of rubber, and thereby creating a much greater demand for the commodity, so as to level up with production.

* * *

I hope I have just shown in a plain way the position in which rubber shareholders stand at the present time, and now what most concerns these shareholders is the great problem whether to hold on to what they have got, whether to buy more to average, and whether rubber shares now stand at a price that should attract others to invest in this market.

* * *

I am candidly of the opinion that we shall see the prices of the shares of many companies marked down still much lower, and I therefore do not advise shareholders to buy now to average, or others to invest in this market at the present time.

* * *

I cannot see any justification for the share of any company standing at more than face value.

* * *

Take, for instance, Pataling Rubber Estates, one of the best managed companies. Here we find the two-shilling shares still quoted at 21s. On the basis of the dividend paid by this company for the last year, viz., 275 per cent., we should say that the shares are still very cheap, but when one has to consider that at the price ruling for rubber they can only just pay their way, it is quite impossible for anything like dividends of this nature to be paid in the future; and this is the position of numerous other companies whose shares still stand at a high premium, like Anglo-Malay, Linggi, Valambrosa, and so on.

I conclude by advising the numerous readers of *Modern Life* who have written to me about rubber shares to nothing to do with the market at the present. To those who think of averaging, I say do not; but as regards present holdings, this is a matter which they must decide for themselves, as many may have purchased at extreme prices, so at the present moment stand in the position of heavy losers, but may wish to hold on in the hope that they will get their money back in two or three years time. Others may have paid prices which, including the fat dividends that they have been paid, still show a profit on the right side of the sheet, and in such instances it is a matter to consider whether it would not be advisable to realise now and invest their money in markets where there are brighter prospects.

* *

GILT EDGED SECURITIES.

Metropolitan Consolidated 2½ per cent. stock at £3 6s. 6d. per cent.

Irish 3 per cent. Guaranteed Stock at 77½ yields £3 17s. 6d. per cent.

London and South Western Railway 3 per cent. Debenture Stock at 76¾ yields £3 18s. 9d. per cent.

Port of London 3½ per cent. stock at 83 yields £4 4s. 3d. per cent.

The first three are are full trustee investments, while the last of London Stock is almost in that category.

* *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a member of the London Stock Exchange to any reader desiring to buy or sell shares.

* *

BRIEF REPLIES.

Anxious.—Before doing anything, read my notes about rubber. The mine you mention is doing well, but the shares stand at too high a price.

F. H. (Brighton).—I have received your papers, and will investigate the matter.

C. G. (Brixton).—Do not have anything to do with the oil shares you have been offered to you, as they are worthless.

Anxious (Clapham Park).—I should just take it and hold on, as you had better wait for better times, and then I shall be pleased to recommend the most likely shares for a quick rise.

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gramophone: 20-guinea handsome, cabinet, height 4ft., record cupboard, wheels; purchased April; willingly.—3, Aubert Park, [illegible]

£5 WILL be given by Sandy McNab, Comedian, for the best and funniest up-to-date song, or a good comic melody. Also £1 for the funniest topic. Send specimen to Sandy McNab, London, N.

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

t of the two big back-end handicaps, the Cesare-es, is down for decision at Newmarket on Wed-nd according to present indications the field will than a year ago when eighteen went to the post. ely starters and jockeys are: Balscadden, 9st. 11lb., unior, 9st., W. Huxley; Rivoli, 8st. 10lb., Donog-enzo, 8st. 9lb., or Lavaine, 7st. 3lb., Whalley; en, 8st. 5lb., or Dalmatian, 7st. 5lb., Foy; Flor 8st. 6lb. —; King Midas, 8st. 1lb., F. Temple-arlingham, 8st., O'Neill; Fantasio, 8st., Wal. Wagstaff, 7st. 12lb., Piper; Cylba, 7st. 12lb., ght Hawk, 7st. 11lb., Wheatley; Wilfrid, 7st. erbert; Fiz Yama, 7st. 7lb. —; Mistinguette, Sharpe; Crown Jewel, 7st. 4lb., R. Stokes; Day, 7st. 2lb., Robbins; Himan, 7st. 2lb,, The Guller, 7st. 1lb., Ledson; Agnate, 7st., A. Augur, 6st. 13lb., — ; Candytuft, 6st. 12lb., Annecy, 6st. 12lb., Beasley; Auctioneering, 6st. ley; Winthorpe, 6st. 9lb., Longhurst; Charlton, —; Farakabad, 6st. 6lb. —; Kingsborough, 6st. ut; Masindi, 6st. 3lb., Prout; John Chinaman, Wing; Bridge of Sighs II., 6st. 1lb., —; Pearl-Dickens. One or two others may help to swell

Balscadden's neck victory over Grave Greek in ury Autumn Cup, the connections of Robinson's ppear to prefer the chance possessed by the St. ner, Night Hawk, who has been well supported. our three-year-olds are a bad lot Night Hawk fine stayer, and Robinson knows so much more colt now than he did when Colonel Hall Walker's was successful at Doncaster, that he must be 's best, and moreover take a lot of beating. running in the Duke of York Stakes will criterion of the chance he possesses for the race ice. Rivoli, who has had a capital preparation, has won three races this year, including the Ascot Stakes (2 miles) from Catmint, with Junior third, King Midas fourth, Fiz Yama sixth, Grave Greek, commenced slowly, seventh; Fantasio also began slowly, ninth; others further in the rear being The Guller and Annecy. I shall expect Rivoli to run with prominence, but he will experience great difficulty in again finishing ahead of Grave Greek, Fantasio, and Annecy.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has three entered, but he will probably rely upon Lorenzo, who cantered off with the Manchester Cup from Fiz Yama and many others. He is a horse of moods, but can go when in the mood, and is expected to make a bold bid for premier honours. J. Cannon has a trio engaged, and he is usually dangerous at this time of the year, but I shall look elsewhere for the probable winner, as Lady Eileen has yet to be seen in public this year, and Dalmatian is so unreliable. Adam Bede ran at Windsor. Fantasio has not shown any form in his two races this season, but ran so well last back-end that Mr. Sol Joel was tempted to purchase the son of Count Schomberg from Col. Hall Walker. He has given satisfaction in his latest gallops, and has been well backed. Wagstaff showed that he is in form by his victory at Hurst Park last month. King Midas was too easily beaten by At Last in the Prince Edward Handicap for me to like him. Last year's winner, Warlingham, is again expected to figure prominently. Now he has 16lbs. more to shoulder. Grave Greek proved an easy winner at Nottingham, and on that running should again account for Pearldiver, Fiz Yama, Auctioneering, Donnithorne, and Charlton, although the last-mentioned has a pull of 8lb. now. Washing Day has been successful in his two races this season and is again fancied. Augur has won his two last races, both over a mile and a half. He has done a most consistent preparation, and his trainer, Gilpin, knows just what is wanted to win a race of this description, as he trained Verney when successful in 1910. Candytuft has not run since June, but then at Kempton he easily accounted for Samson's Hill, Charlton, and others. He finished fifth for this race a year ago with 7lb. less to carry. Annecy started the season by easily annexing the Great Metropolitan Stakes, and although unplaced

LEGER RESULT.

1. 2. 3.

Night Hawk, White Magic, Seremond

£1,000—G. W. WEBB, Architect, Market Place Chambers, Reading.

£200—T. SANDALLS, The School Lane, Cookham Dean, Berks.

£100—B. MARCHAM, 80, Westfield Road, Caversham.

he following drew Starters, and each receives £10 and a Gold Watch.

ARDA	
CURRAGH	Wm. McCarthy, 12, English Grounds, Tooley Street, E.C.
AGHDOE	Walker Botham, Tibthorpe, Driffield, E. Yorks.
ROSEWORTHY	L. A. Pilgrim, 31, Plympton Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
BIRLINGHAM	Thos. Rose, 44, St. John Street, Winchester, Hants.
TASLETT	Geo. Joint, Blackadon, Near Ivybridge, S. Devon.
BACHELOR'S WEDDING	Alf. Ashton, 78, Queen Street, Nanty Glo., Mon.
LOUVOIS ..	A. Lansdowne, 165, Hill Lane, Southampton.
JAMESON	Arthur Ebert, 17, Tarrant Street, Queen's Park, W.
	Mrs. E. Bridger, 30, Dartmouth Road, Brondesbury, N.W.

nscribers drew non-starters and each receives a gold watch. Also, 3,200 consolation prizes value £2 ·00.

"Modern Life" said February 1st:—

ave many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. 's methods, and can assure our readers that from t to end each sweep promoted by him is absolutely square and above-board."

"Modern Life" said August 9th:—

"Mr. H. Diamond's drawings are all absolutely fair and straightforward. We are convinced that he is straight and honest."

H. DIAMOND

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND

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three times subsequently, is nicely treated here, and looks dangerous. I have no fancy for the Continental candidates. Of the remaining likely starters I prefer Winthorpe, who was third last season. In attempting to anticipate the judge I shall expect

GRAVE GREEK, AUGUR, and NIGHT HAWK

to fill the first three places.

For those of my readers who like a double I recommend that Grave Greek be coupled with Fairy King for the Cambridgeshire Stakes.

The meetings arranged for this week are: Wolverhampton, Monday and Tuesday; Newmarket, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; Thirsk, Friday and Saturday; and Alexandra Park, Saturday.

Selections are appended:—

WOLVERHAMPTON—Monday.

Netherton Nursery: Home Brew.
Shifnal Handicap: The Gelt.

Tuesday.

Stafford Handicap: Wavestar.
Madeley Handicap: The Mad Hatter.

NEWMARKET—Tuesday.

Suffolk Nursery: Elgon.
Clearwell Stakes: Stornoway.

Wednesday.

Two-Year-Old Plate: Speron.
Autumn Handicap: Short Grass.

Thursday.

Heath Plate: Santair.
Prendergast Stakes: Longtown.

Friday.

Southfield Plate: Nimule.
Middle Park Plate: Stornoway.

THIRSK—Friday.

Melton Selling Plate: Hackla.
Newby Plate: Tergova.

Saturday.

Rievaulx Plate: St. Julian.
Newbuildings Handicap: Marco Bozzaris.

ALEXANDRA PARK—Saturday.

Tottenham Plate: Indian God.
Hornsey Handicap: Menedarva.

Lady (pointing revolver at burglar who is helping himself to her silverware): Hands up! What are you doing?

Burglar: At your service, madam.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

Heather (Tunbridge Wells).—All moneylenders have to be registered, for which a fee of £1 is payable. If you advertise or carry on business without registration, you make yourself liable to a fine not exceeding £100. Should advise you to leave the business alone.

Stylo (Llanfairfechan).—Try S. French, Ltd., dramatic publishers, 26, Southampton Street, W.C. But the "book" of the great majority of plays and sketches is never published. Yes, will forward letter to Mr. S. Send care of Editor.

Charlie W. (Hornsey).—You say the joke was "heard lately in a grocer's shop." Marvellous how history repeats itself! That jest has been going the round of the grocers' shops and comic papers of two hemispheres for years.

T. B. (Glasgow).—It drew a blank—a blankety blank.

F. M. (Hull).—To your offer to "send two (2) jokes every week of the type submitted," we have nought to answer but a resonant "Nothing doing!"

E. W. (Tottenham).—We have not only satisfied ourselves that Mr. H. Diamond's draws are conducted in a straightforward manner, but have ascertained that the winners have received the money, by sending a representative to interview the recipients of the big prizes.

S. M. (Leicester).—No, we don't mind criticism the least little bit. In fact, we like it, because it enables us to discern how the different features of the journal strike the outsider.

Artist (Wood Green).—Too sketchy, and, moreover, we have seen something like it before. We must have original drawings for *Modern Life*, and if you see an illustration in the paper (except in "Ourselves and Other People") you can bet your boots that it is original.

J. J. (Cardiff). Your jape has got whiskers on it. Try us again with something more modern.

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HE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

is the time that the morning post brings in circulars ers inviting inspection and purchase of overcoats ter suits, and on my table I find a communication ailor in Wiesbaden, from whom, owing to an acci- had to purchase a pair of bags a couple of years ago.

* * *

entally I may say that the trousers I got were of such ced Teutonic cut that I was unable to wear them ossing the frontier on my way home.

* * *

te his letter as it may serve as a model to some t tailor of England who reads and appreciates his *Life*.

* * *

g to hand you herewith my preis-list 1913-1914 and t you will favor me with your order very often this . It is your own interest that you make your buys at . My real good assortments are well-known in the d that is the reason why my customship is true to satisfied by my shipments. My experience in the ces for many years—my house being known for solid of business more than 45 years—may guarantee you r words will be executed exactly in every concern as ossible without any wait. Wishing you good health pring to receive your sayings by mail. Yours very

* * *

ess circulars in England are too stereotyped, too the same old thing year after year, and thus more ach the waste paper basket than the eye or appre- of the recipient.

* * *

e an instance of how the Germans do it, and they take able to write an Englishman in English, which is in ood business.

* * *

letter is perhaps a little funny, but it is off the beaten nd I venture to say it will attract more attention and he name of the tailor better on the memory of a man e commonplace stuff that hundreds of tailors put on n-laid note-paper and post with penny stamps.

* * *

ailor may be a good tailor, even an artist, but he a good man to write his advertisements and circulars, if he wants the money spent on printing and stamps him a decent percentage of profit.

* * *

der from Totton, Hants, writes asking if I know of of for valets in London, or any means of his obtaining in the art.

* * *

e not heard of anything of this nature, and have nquiries but without result. If any of my readers any such school or system of classes, I should be hear of it, and I should then advise my Totton ndent.

* * *

if this should catch the eye of a valet, either retired ctive service, who would accept a moderate fee for a of lessons I should be glad to hear from him.

* * *

ffield reader is good enough to say he has found in Man," "very useful hints and tips," and asks my as to the most fashionable cloth, colour and style for coat he thinks of investing in.

* * *

a gentleman of common sense as well as appreciation ely up-to-date paper, and thus encloses a stamped ed envelope for reply, and I have sent him two which I happened to have by me, as I was hesitating of them to choose for my own winter overcoat.

* * *

of these is an expensive cloth, a very thin and beauti- ft blue nap. The thinness and consequent smart- the napping is new, and therefore I suppose the cost nted for, but every speck of dust would show upon it, ear my economical mind must reject this material.

* * *

second pattern was in grey, the Irish cloth I wrote a few weeks ago. It is light, warm, practically water- good for years of wear, and a splash of London mud passing motor-bus will not show upon it, so I plump second candidate for the honour of keeping me warm omfortable this and a few succeeding winters.

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Yours faithfully, O.W.

Just send your full name and address, and you will receive the Belt and Medicine by return. A Postal Order for 1s. must be enclosed to cover postage and packing. The balance of the money is to be paid in four weekly instalments of 1/-. The fortnight's supply of Botanical Tonic will prove an invaluable pick-me-up. Address—

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WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, November 1st, and for the first prize of £4 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, November 1st. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 3 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, October 31st. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 3.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 1st. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON WANDERERS	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
CHELSEA	v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
EVERTON	v. BRADFORD CITY.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC	v. ASTON VILLA.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	v. DERBY COUNTY.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION	v. MANCHESTER CITY.
SUNDERLAND	v. BLACKBURN R.
BRADFORD	v. LEICESTER F.
BRISTOL CITY	v. HUDDERSFIELD.
CLAPTON O.	v. BARNSLEY.
GLOSSOP	v. HULL.
LEEDS CITY	v. BURY.
STOCKPORT	v. WOLVERHAMPTON W.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v. NOTTS FOREST.
BRIGHTON	v. MILLWALL.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v. PLYMOUTH A.
NORWICH	v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
READING	v. SOUTHAMPTON.
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